



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

FEEDING OUT ROOTS.

There is probably a greater crop of roots—such as turnips, rutabagas, carrots, &c., raised in Maine during the present year, than for any one year previous, for some time. These roots will be fed to cattle during the winter, and it may not be amiss to think over the best mode of doing this.

There are two modes generally adopted for doing this. The easy man chops up a pint or two every day with his jackknife or barn shovel, and throws them over to the cattle "hot or mis," and lets them eat them so. In the spring he looks at his cattle and says, "I don't think roots are any 'great shakes' to feed cattle with." The careful man purchases a root cutter, passes them through it in sufficient quantities to give his bullock a full meal, sometimes, if he be extra careful, he cooks them and feeds them out in that way. In the spring he looks at his cattle and says, roots are excellent for cattle in the winter, but it requires a good many of them and a good deal of care in feeding them out. So does any thing else. The question with him will next be, how can I economize this business so as to make the roots do the most good?

On this point many good farmers have often queried, and many experiments have been tried. We have found some thoughts and experiments upon this subject in a late English paper. Mr. Lawrence, of Cirencester, has made some experiments in feeding turnips to cattle in winter. We will condense his observations for the benefit of our readers.

It seems, from his observations, that to give a bullock a full feed of roots alone, is not so good as to give a less quantity with cut hay, or straw (chaff, as they call it in England).

When I commenced feeding bullocks some years ago, says I, was in the habit of noting down the allowances of the different kinds of food recommended in the agricultural papers, and by men of reputed experience in such matters. The quantity of roots recommended were from 1 to 14 wt. per day, for large bullocks, (this would be about a bushel and a half of rutabagas per day, &c.) and that without admixture.

He then goes on to say:—"Now what is the object we propose to accomplish? It may be assumed for our present purpose we are dealing with animals at maturity in point of growth, that the skeleton is fully developed, and that we have only to accumulate flesh and fat. It must ever be born in mind that it is not the quantity of food put in the stomach of the animal which accomplishes the object in view, but that which is thoroughly digested and assimilated by the healthy action of the viscera. The setting before a bullock half a cwt. of roots the first thing in the morning, some hours afterwards its allowance of more solid and nutritious food, and repeating the feed of roots in the evening, appeared to me an irrational proceeding; and on the other hand, that a due mixture of the solid and fluid foods would probably aid the proper digestion of each. I resolved therefore to diminish the quantity of roots which I had generally heard recommended, one half viz: from 70lbs. to 30lbs. per day, according to the size of the animal, and to give a portion of these with each feed, as intimately incorporated as might be practicable with the more solid food. With this view I obtained Moody's cutter, which cuts the roots into thin ribbons, these we turn over amongst the chaff, so that the animals cannot avoid eating them together. I observed that the animals under the change to which I have adverted, thrived faster and were kept equally clean with one-third less litter, by weight than we had found necessary on the former mode of feeding.

GREAT GROWTH OF PLUM SCIONS.

Mr. Editor:—I have in my garden, the stock of a common horse plum tree, which was set two years ago last spring, the tree was of small size, when, last April, I cut the whole top off about four feet from the ground, it being at that point about an inch in diameter, and put in two scions of the green gage plum, the scions were small, say of the ordinary size, both scions lived and grew, to-day I measured the growth of the shoots, lateral branches and all, and found the aggregate length from one scion to be 252 inches, and from the other scion 334 inches, making in all from both scions 586 inches, in length of growth in one season, and making a top quite as large in proportion as the stock, which must be five or six years old. If any one doubts the above story, I can prove it by my better half, who kept the figures while I measured.

Waterville, Sept. 17, 1855.

CIDER MILL WANTED.

Mr. Editor:—Will you inform me through your paper or otherwise about a certain machine called a portable cider mill, I believe manufactured in New York, and where they can be bought, and the price, and you will oblige a friend.

S. K. W.

East Vassboro, Sept. 7, 1855.

NOTE.

There are several patented portable cider mills now in use in different states. One of them is "Emery's Cider Mill and Press," manufactured by Emery & Brothers, Albany, N. Y., and sold there for \$45. Another is Culp's Portable Cider Mill and Press, sold by John F. Dair & Co., Cincinnati, for \$30. Another one is Chapin's the price of which we do not know. There are some others, but why not get one up yourself? Mr. S. K. W. I am't sure Yankee enough in you to do that.

[Ed.]

FRUIT FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We have received a box containing sundry specimens of apples, pears and plums, from our friend and correspondent, Mr. Copp, who has a nursery in Wakefield, N. H. The varieties which he sent came safely, and are fine specimens.

His remarks below will be found to be very interesting to fruit growers in this latitude, for we think it fair to infer that what will grow in his latitude will in ours.

We have had some pear trees from Mr. Copp's nursery which prove to be very fine growers. In regard to the fruit sent, we will let him tell his own story.

Mr. Editor:—I send you by express, a small box, containing a few varieties of fruit, not as fine specimens of the kinds, but as a sort of text upon which to make a few comments:

APPLES.—EARLY SWEET BOURN, altogether, the finest early sweet apple that can be cultivated. In my estimation no other apple bears any comparison with it. Tree, a moderate grower and good bearer. Fruit very large, I picked one last season, 20th of August, eleven and a half inches in circumference. Apples of excellent quality will begin to fall early in August, and continue through the month.

WILLIAMS' FAVORITE RED. Specimens sent, far below usual size. My tree stands in an unfavorable spot, and has not been well cared for. This variety needs deep, moist soil, and the highest culture, to obtain it in all its excellence. With proper management it is truly magnificent. I have found the tree a very difficult one to raise in the nursery, a feeble straggling grower.

BENNETT, a variety not much disseminated. Tree, a fine, thrifty, upright grower, very much resembling the northern spire, a great bearer, will probably do well when the Williams will fall. Fruit of medium size, of fine quality, ripe very little later than the Williams.

RED ASTRACAN. An apple of rare beauty. The tree is perfectly hardy, a very strong, thrifty grower, growing one of the handsomest trees in the nursery, bears very young, trees in the nursery two and three years from the bud frequently produce fruit. The flavor of the apple I do not consider of prime quality, but as a cooking apple, it is incomparable, nothing can equal it. It promises to be an enormous bearer. Ripen about the same time as the sweet bough.

EARLY JUNE. Fruited this season for the first time. Not well enough tested to enable me to form an opinion of its merits, I think it may be put on the list of one that "promises well." Fruit of small size but of exquisite flavor.

Last, and as I think, not the least, is an apple, a native of my father's orchard, vastly superior, in my estimation, to many apples that have a high reputation.

PEARS.—DARBY'S Seedling. Has not fruited with me before. The specimens sent do not sustain its reputation.

BARTLEY. Has done better with me the present season than ever before.

JARROLD. The pears will probably be too far gone to enable you to judge of their merits. This is the variety, the trees of which with me grow so strong and thrifty. I can show a number of this kind, spire-grafted when less than half an inch in diameter in the house, and set out the spring of 1853, that are now about seven feet.

BENNETT'S ANANAS. This, as a hardy, thrifty, vigorous growing tree, ranks second in my collection. I think it will be a great bearer, and very valuable for general cultivation.

FLEMING BEAUTY. I have but one small tree in bearing, producing this season only a few specimens. The pear is small and below the usual size, and gathered too soon to be good. My confidence in this variety, as one of, if not the very best for cultivation at the north is materially increased the present season.

All the pears I send are grown on the pear stock.

Yours, &c., J. Copp.

Wakefield, Sept. 13, 1855.

For the Maine Farmer.

BEE MOTHS.

Mr. Editor:—I have, of late, been troubled with the bee moth. Will you or some of your correspondents give a remedy?

ANDREW GAY.

Casco, September 11, 1855.

NOTE. Although we have kept a few swarms of bees for several years past, we were never troubled with the moth, and have therefore had no experience in fighting them. Some of our readers can undoubtedly give friend Gay some remedy for them.

[Ed.]

CORROGATION.

We yesterday witnessed the effect of corrugation upon plates of iron, producing results that should be widely known. It was at the War department. A plate, three inches long and four broad so that it supported only at the ends, it would bend of its own weight, corrugated, sustained a weight of six hundred pounds; as was proved by testing by its side a corrugated plate of precisely similar weight and dimensions attached to it by a string. The Quartermasters' department are extensively adopting corrugated iron for camp utensils, &c., instead of wood, iron, or other metals, prepared (shaped) in any other way, thus, a camp bedstead has been adopted which is sufficiently strong and firm for all army purposes, though not weighing more than fifty pounds—quite as strong and firm as the army bedsteads now being sent from London to the Crimea, which weigh one hundred and fifty pounds each. A corrugated iron water-tight wagon body, that floats from two thousand to two thousand five hundred pounds of freight, besides the running gear, and weighs less than a wooden wagon body to carry the same freight, has also been adopted into the service of the United States, besides other articles of the same material. These facts show that, living in an age of progress, those entrusted with the management of the Quartermasters' department of the army of the United States are making the most for their charge, of the steady advance of their countrymen in improvements in the useful arts. (Washington Star, Sept. 12.)

WINTHROP FARMER.

This is a native apple, which as the Pomologists say "promises well." It has as yet been but little disseminated and tried in various localities and soils, and until this has been done it cannot be decided what are all its characteristics in regard to its becoming actually a useful variety to propagate.

It was received by the Maine Pomological Society at one of their sessions, and examined, and the following description made from the specimens before them, and the representations of those best acquainted with it.

WINTHROP FARMER. A native apple from the orchard of Col. John Fairbanks, of Winthrop. Size large, ovate ground straw color, indistinctly striped with red, more especially round the base; sunny side deeper blush, dotted with brown specks; shaded side straw color; stem pit narrow, of a medium depth; stem medium length, calyx set in a narrow shallow basin. Flesh white, fine grain, juicy and pleasant acid, somewhat spicy; keeps tough, a good and constant bearer. Skin from October till February. Received October 6, 1848.

For the Maine Farmer.

SPROUTS AND SUCKERS.—QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—I set some apple trees the last spring which were from six to eight feet high; the season has been favorable, and the most of them have grown well, but some of them have put out new shoots below and just above where they were grafted, and the tops of these have made but little if any new wood, the cause I suppose to be some injury received while out of ground. I wish to know if I am right about the cause and when is the best time to remove these shoots—the present season or the next. Will you or some of your correspondents, if they deem it of sufficient importance, give me their views?

S.

Gouldsborough, Sept. 18, 1855.

NOTE.

The cause of the shoots coming out below the graft is probably this: The junction of the scion and the stock is not as yet very perfect, and the sap in ascending is obstructed. Old limbs of apple trees when grafted and before the union is complete, always throw out an abundance of shoots on account of the accumulation of sap at the end of the branch. [Ed.]

EARLY AND DESTRUCTIVE FROST.

Mr. Editor:—On the morning of August 31, 1855, there appeared the hardest and most destructive frost that I ever knew in the month of August, although I am over 56 years of age. I have taken a little pains to look over a part of my record of the weather, and find the following account for the past twenty-two years:

FIRST FROST IN EACH YEAR, SINCE 1834.

Hard Frost, as it is called, commencing at 5 p.m. and continuing till 10 a.m.

Thermometer at sunrise. Thermometer at sunrise.

1834. September 30 — 1845. October 17 17°

1835. September 17 — 1846. October 12 25°

1836. September 7 — 1847. October 12 23°

1837. September 14 — 1848. October 12 23°

1838. September 3 — 1849. October 15 23°

1839. Oct. 5 and 6 23° and 1850. September 30 37°

1840. September 23 — 1851. September 25 28°

1841. October 3 — 1852. October 6 27°

1842. October 7 — 1853. September 30 26°

1843. September 13 — 1854. September 26 26°

1844. September 28 — 1855. August 31 28°

REMARKS. During the whole twenty-two years there has been no frost in the month of August, in this and the neighboring towns, equal to that which appeared on the morning of Friday, Aug. 31, just past. The year 1836, nineteen years ago, the month of August came the nearest to it. In that month there were five frosts, viz: Aug. 10, 18, 21, 23 and 24; but not severe enough to do any great damage. In August, 1835, a little frost on the 4th. In 1834 none. In 1837 none. In 1838, Aug. 15, a very little in low ground. Since 1838, making sixteen years in succession, none during the month of August. And none of any consequence for eight of the sixteen years during the months of September, viz: 1839, 1841, 1842, 1846, 1846, 1847, 1849 and 1852. In these years, none in September equal to the killing one of August 31, 1855.

My cranberries have fared the worst. Not one in fifteen but what were rendered soft by being killed by the frost, and are therefore unfit to pick, unless done immediately, and made into sauce. We have done up some, but it tastes not so bad as might be expected, but not equal to fully ripe and unfrost-bitten ones. In fact, the loss to me by that frost I consider fully equal to one-third of a crop, to what it might be, had it kept off till the last of September. Most of my potatoes were in the very height of growing, being planted on reclaimed swamp land, and the black potato, which grows late.

ISAAC STEARNS.

Mansfield, Mass., Sept. 1, 1855.

[New England Farmer.]

VARIETY OF FOOD NECESSARY.

It is in vegetable as in animal life, a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root—it becomes fat, it is true, but alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly, and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks, that her offspring cannot make bone—or, what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meal and soap, it would have no bones and teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of egg-shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well bred fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil nor mortar from walls, nor caloric matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to every injurious treatment, as their own horse.

SEPTEMBER.

"September strews the woodland o'er

With many a brilliant color;

The world is brighter than before—

Why should our hearts be duller?

Sorrow and the heart's leaf,

Sad thoughts and sunny weather;

Alas! this glory and this grief

Agree not well together.

"This is the parting season; this

The time when friends are flying;

And lovers now, with many a kiss,

Their long farewells are sighing.

Why is earth so gaily drest;

This pomp that Autumn beareth,

A funeral scene, where every guest

A bridal garment weareth.

"Each one of us, perchance, may here,

Will touch her tending blossom,

Return to view the gaudy year,

But not with boyish laughter.

We shall then be wrinkled men,

Our brow with silver laden;

And thus this glen may't seek again—

But nevermore a maiden!

"Nature, perhaps, forgets that spring

Will touch her tending blossom,

And that a few brief months will bring

The bee, the bird, the blossom.

Alas! these forests do not know—

Where forest does not know—

Will never more come hither."

ASHES AND PLASTER.

A subscriber says:—"I wish to know if there

is anything in the nature of ashes or plaster,

that causes them to neutralize each other, when

used together? My neighbor says, he knows

it is so, and that I shall lose my money and my

labor."

REMARKS. Plaster is sulphate of lime. In

the state of ground plaster, as generally used in

this country, it consists of 28 lbs. of lime to 40

lbs. of sulphuric acid, and 18 lbs. of water.

Ashes are made up largely of silicates mostly

alkaline, potash and soda, and of the alkaline

earths, lime and magnesia, together with a little

of various phosphates, a little sulphate of lime

(plaster) a little soluble silica, and small por-

tions of free alkali.

In answer to the above question, science would

say:—"No; the two cannot neutralize each other;

no decomposition will be effected by mingling

them in the soil; and so far as the free alkali

of the ashes might tend to dissipate the ammonia

of the soil, the plaster would counteract that

tendency, and so the effect of mixing them would

be beneficial rather than otherwise."

If we propound the same question to practical

farmers, we get contradictory answers. One says

he gets good results from both ashes and plaster

applied separately, but not equally good, if they

are mixed. Another says, it is less labor to

apply them together, and the results are quite

as good. Both know that they are right; and

the scientific man would be apt to think he knows

the best only is right. We incline strongly

to the opinion that ashes and plaster may be

used together with no injury to each other, but

with perhaps some little advantage over their

separate use; though it must be confessed that

there are strong testimonies to the contrary com-

ing from practical farmers.

Let the experiment be thoroughly tried. On

part of a field apply the ashes and plaster in the

hill before planting. On another part, the soil

being the same and similarly treated in other

respects, let the ashes be applied in the hill at

planting, and the plaster be applied after the

first hoeing. If the ground were peculiarly

warm, it might be well to try a portion by sowing

the ashes broadcast, and applying the plaster to

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE

NO. KENNEBEC AG. & HORT. SOCIETY.

To be held at Waterville, on Tuesday, Wednesday

and Thursday, Oct. 24, 25 and 26, 1855.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural

and Horticultural Society have determined to offer

the following premiums for the ensuing year:

On Horses.

For best stallion, \$5; 2d, \$3. Premium to be paid

when the horse has been kept in the limits of the

Society one service season.

For best breeding mare, \$5; 2d, \$3; 3d, Patent

Office Report. One or more colts to be shown as proof

of breeding qualities of mare.

Best gelding horse, not over 10 yrs. old, \$3.

Best pair farm work horses, \$5.

Best 3 yrs. old horse colt, \$2; 2d, 1 copy Transac-

tions of Ag. Societies in Maine, for 1855, '51, '52.

Best 3 yrs. old mare colt, \$2; 2d, 1 copy Patent

Office Report.

Best 2 yrs. old colt, \$2; 2d, Trans. Ag. Soc. in Me.

Best 1 yr. old colt, \$1; 2d, Patent Office Report.

Committee.—John B. Bradbury, Edward Jones,

and Tufan Simpson.

On Goat Cattle.

For best bull, \$4; 2d, \$2.

For best 1 yr. old bull, \$3; 2d, Trans. Ag. Soc. in Me.

For best bull calf, \$2; 2d, Patent Office Report.

Committee.—Warren Percival, R. H. Green and Henry

Lawrence, 2d.

Cows.

Best cow, for all purposes, \$4; 2d, \$2.

Best dairy cow, \$3; 2d, \$2.

Best stock cow, one or more of her progeny to be

shown, \$3; 2d, \$2.

Best lot of cows for dairy purposes, 3 in number,

with full written statement of keep and yield, \$4.

Committee.—W. H. Hutchison, Asa C. Holbrook, and

Nathan Perry.

Heifers.

Best 2 yrs. old heifer, vol. Me. Farmer and \$1.50;

2d, 1 copy Transactions, &c., and \$1.



THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1855.

THE STATE FAIR AT GARDINER.

Our paper goes to press before the Exhibition of the State Fair gets fairly under way. As far as we can judge from the number and class of entries, the State Fair at Gardiner will make a very fair beginning. This perhaps is all that could be expected, considering the many obstacles that it was necessary to overcome, to have any show at all. Some splendid cattle have already arrived, and the show of horses will be very fair.

On Wednesday, at 2 o'clock P. M., there will be a grand entry of horses, which will proceed around the course, after which the trial of speed will take place.

On Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, another grand entry will be made, after which another trial of speed will take place.

On Wednesday forenoon the drawing match will take place. On Thursday forenoon the ploughing match, and at 11 o'clock, an address by Prof. J. A. Nash, of Amherst, Mass., and the reports of committees.

By an arrangement of our railroads, the fare between Gardiner and the different stations on the line of the road, from the 25th to the 28th insts., inclusive, has been fixed at the following rates, the tickets being good for return:—

Portland,	\$2.00	Bowdoinham,	\$0.70
Westbrook,	2.00	Rowley,	.60
Falmouth,	1.95	Richmond,	.50
Cumberland,	1.80	Dresden,	.40
Yarmouth,	1.55	So. Gardiner,	.30
Freeport,	1.25	Kendall's Mills,	.10
Oak Hill,	1.15	Waterville,	.100
Brunswick,	1.00	Winslow,	.95
Harding's,	1.00	Getchell's Corner,	.70
Bath,	1.00	Seven Mile Brook,	.60
Topsnam,	1.00	Augusta,	.25
Rogers' Road,	.90	Hallowell,	.20

A special train will leave Gardiner for Augusta, Waterville and Kendall's Mills, on Wednesday, the 25th, and Thursday, the 27th, at 6 o'clock P. M.

N. B. Cattle and articles destined for the Exhibition will be carried to Gardiner for full price, but returned free on presenting a certificate from the Society that it has been exhibited, and is not sold.

This arrangement was not effected until after we went to press, last week, which must account for its late appearance in our columns.

WELDING CAST IRON.

Notwithstanding the great length of time that mankind have had the use of iron, and however ingenious may be the known process of working it, there is much yet to be learned or discovered, in regard to many operations with it. Until recently, it was not known how melted iron could be cast on cold iron, or steel, and be made to unite, so as to form one apparently compact mass. This, however, has been effected by Yankee ingenuity, and we see anvils, wheels, and other tools made, a part of which is steel, and the remaining part cast iron. This makes a saving, and therefore, such articles can be obtained much cheaper than formerly.

This next step is the discovery of a process for welding cast iron, part to part, or a new part to an old one. This is very nearly allied to the process above named.

We find in the "Plough, Loom & Anvil," an account of doing this, the invention of which is attributed to Mr. Samuel Falkenberg, who is foreman, attached to the Susquehanna Machine shop of the New York & Erie R. Road. We abridge the account of the process as follows:

Have a pattern made of the casting, to be supplied to another given casting. Then mould the casting with the use of the pattern to the imperfect piece. Instead of pouring the fused iron into the mould, and allowing it immediately to cool, the melted iron is allowed to escape by a prepared orifice, the pouring of the melted metal and its escape being continued—until the rough edge of the imperfect piece becomes fused by the heat of the passing melted iron, when the orifice by which the fused metal escapes is closed, the mould is filled, and the iron thus confined in contact with the melted edge of the unmet iron, gradually cools and becomes solid. When the sand is removed, the new part is found to be one with the old, the welding and the supplied part being perfect. Locomotive cylinders are thus repaired when one part has been broken off.

In order to obviate the trouble of unequal shrinkage of the old and new parts, the old part is heated as much as possible before the new metal is poured in, and the contact of the melted iron while passing off through the orifice, before being stopped, heats up the old part very much also. It is said that Mr. Falkenberg has not obtained a patent for this, but allows all to use it.

DON'T HANDLE MANDY DOGS. Dr. Pines of Quechey, Vt., reports a case of a family in the vicinity of his practice, which were troubled with an eruptive disease, which though repeatedly cured, broke out again. It was finally ascertained that a pet dog which the children handled much, had the mange (*Scaabies*), from which it was communicated to the children. The dog was killed, and the disease in the family cured permanently.

BEAUTIFUL PEARS. A small branch containing 25 beautiful and luscious Bartlett pears has been received from our worthy friend J. H. Hartwell, Esq., of this city. This tree was so prolific that some of the branches broke down with their load.

MR. BENJ. R. FLAGG, of this city, also handed in a beautiful specimen of pears raised by him, of a large size, and rich quality. Such fruit is worth raising, and most tempting to sight and taste.

GOOD APPLES. A few days since, a friend brought us in a lot of fine apples, which appeared "like dew before the sun." As we have forgotten the donor's name, we presume the devils swallowed that with his apples. He will consider himself heartily thanked by the members of the "Typo" Pomological Society.

REMOVAL. The American Sentinel, until recently published at Danversville, has been removed to Bath, and now hails from both places. We hope the publishers will find their change of locality beneficial.

PRESENTATION OF A TOWN HOUSE. We have received an account of the proceedings at a meeting of the citizens of Vienna, on the occasion of the presentation of a town-house, by one of the citizens of that town, which we will endeavor to find room for, in our next.

APPOINTMENT. The telegraph announces the appointment, by President Pierce, of Hon. Albert Pillsbury of this State as Consul at Halifax, vice R. U. Fraser, removed.

THE ELECTION.

We have now returns from all the places in the State, except two towns, and about ten plantations. The returns foot up as follows:—Morrill, 51,364; Wells, 48,152; Reed, 10,630. The members elect of the Legislature, are classified as follows, by the State of Maine. Senate.—15 democrats, 9 whigs, and 2 republicans, leaving 5 vacancies, of which 3 are in Penobscot, 1 in Piscataquis, and 1 in Aroostook. House.—68 democrats, 61 republicans, and 22 whigs.

With regard to the vote on the adoption of the constitutional amendments, the Age has returns as follows:—

Returns from 335 towns show a majority of about 4,000 in favor of the adoption of all the proposed constitutional amendments. The vote is very small, and so far as heard from, stands as follows:—

On the election by the people of Judges of Probate, Yes 14,938, No 10,013. On election by the Legislature of Land Agent, Yes 14,665, No 9,922. Adjutant General, Yes 13,167, No 9,926. Attorney General, Yes 13,191, No 9,981.

SHOWS AND FAIRS IN MAINE.

The following are the times and places, so far as we can ascertain, of the various Agricultural shows and fairs to be held in this State, the coming fall:—

State Fair, at Gardiner, Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

West Penobscot, at East Corinth, Sept. 25.

So. Kennebec, at Gardiner, Oct. 16th, 17th and 18th.

York, at Saco, Oct. 3 and 4.

East Somerset, at Hartland Village, Oct. 3 and 4.

Androscooggin, at Loviston, Oct. 3 and 4.

Waldo, at Belfast, Oct. 10 and 11.

Lincoln, at Damariscotta Bridge Village, Oct. 10 and 11.

Sagadahoc, at Topsham, Oct. 10 and 11.

Kennebec, at Wayne, Oct. 10 and 11, and 12.

Cumberland, at Bridgton, Oct. 17 and 18.

Penobscot, at Bangor, Oct. 3 and 4.

Somerset Central, at—

North Kennebec, at Waterville, Oct. 2, 3, and 4.

North Aroostook, at Presque Isle, Oct. 10 and 11.

West Somerset, at Madison Bridge, Oct. 10 and 11.

North Penobscot, at Lee, Oct. 10.

Penobscot & Aroostook Union, at—

Bangor Horticultural, at Bangor, Franklin, at—

North Franklin, at Strong Village, Oct. 11 and 12.

Piscataquis, at Dover, Oct. 3 and 4.

West Oxford, at Porter, Oct. 10 and 11.

Oxford, at Canton Mills, Oct. 3 and 4.

Washington, at—

The Secretaries of those Societies whose time and place of show are left blank, will oblige us by forwarding the information requisite to fill out the above table.

For the Maine Farmer.

A SAD CASUALTY.

Sierra Nevada Palmer, aged 16 months, youngest daughter of Alvin and Dorcas B. Palmer, of North Wayne, was drowned on Monday 17th inst. The child had been missing but a few minutes, when the family was informed that it was lying upon its face in a tub of water near the stable. Friends came to their assistance, and made every possible effort to restore life, but in vain. The spirit of the child had taken its flight to the arms of the blessed Redeemer. When the father (who had been absent a few hours) returned in the afternoon, he found his little daughter (who had ever been so active and playful) a lifeless corpse. It was a sad hour to the parents, and they are still sad, and bereaved and afflicted. Many are the prayers which have ascended to Heaven in their behalf, and while "it is not yet with the child," God grant that it may not yet with the parents. H. M. E.

Kent's Hill, Sept. 19, 1855.

BANGOR HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The annual Exhibition of the Bangor Horticultural Society was held in the City Hall, Bangor, on Thursday and Friday of last week. The Bangor papers say that the exhibition was a very creditable one, and was visited by from 700 to 800 persons.

Among the articles exhibited were grapes, native and foreign, among them bunches of Black Hamburgs, weighing two pounds and ten ounces; mammoth squashes; vast cabbages; enormous turnips and beets; potatoes; tomatoes, of all kinds, from the small grape tomato, to the mammoth red, weighing upwards of a pound; pears; plums; apples; of excellent quality, and upwards of sixty varieties; flowers, &c., &c.

At an auction sale of some of the fruit, on Saturday, the Black Hamburg, White Water, Frontignan and other grapes sold readily at one dollar the pound; and the plums sold at proportionate prices.

PREYENTS. The following is a list of the patents which were issued from the United States Patent Office, to New England men, for the week ending September 18, 1855, each bearing that date:—

Albert Bisbee, of Chelsea, Mass., for improvement in steam grange-cooks. Samuel W. Brown, of Lowell, for improvement in machinery for cleaning cotton. William Grover, of Holyoke, for improvement in cutting wire. William V. Gee, of New Haven, Conn., for improvement in looms for weaving suspender webbing. Richard Kitson, of Lowell, for improvement in machinery for picking fibrous materials. Peter H. Niles, of Boston, Assignor to Ralph C. Webster, of Watertown, for improvement in certain fixtures. Antedated March 18, 1855.

THE DESERTED WIFE. We have received the advance sheets of this work, by the celebrated authoress Mrs. Southworth, from the publisher, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. We shall notice it more at length, hereafter.

HOW LONG THE WAR HAS LASTED. The war in Europe is already twenty years old. The Russian Ambassador left Constantinople on the 22d of May, 1835, and on the 14th of June the English and French fleets received orders to approach the Dardanelles, and they anchored in Besika Bay. On the 26th of June, the Emperor of Russia ordered his army to occupy the Principality. On the 14th of September two French and two English war steamers, from the fleet at Besika Bay, went to Constantinople. On the 27th, the Porte declared war against Russia, and invited the English and French fleets to Constantinople. On the 2d of November the Emperor of Russia declared war against Turkey. The French declaration of war was made in the month of March, 1853.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

THE INDIANS. Chicago, Sept. 17. Mr. Morin has reached St. Joseph, Mo., with the remains of Capt. Gibson, who was killed at the mouth of Deer Creek by the Sioux. He reports the Sioux to be troublesome. An engagement was had with them on the 4th of July, to the north of Platt River, when two Indians were killed. Gen. Harney left Fort Kearney on the 4th of August, making forced marches. His purpose was unknown.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS.

Broom Corn. It is a singular omission in the United States census, that it does not give any statistics of the amount of broom corn raised in the country. In the State of New York, hundreds upon hundreds of acres are appropriated to the cultivation of the desirable commodity. Broom corn never was stouter, nor a better crop than the present year. It will soon be cut.

The Price of Sugar. The New York Evening Post says the rise in sugars since January has been 50 per cent., and this owing not so much to the diminished supply, which only applies to New Orleans descriptions, Cuba being plentiful, but to the great increase of demand throughout the country for consumption and stock.

Earthquake. The Buffalo Courier states that the shock of an earthquake was felt last Monday morning in the towns of Eldred, Ceres and Olean, Cattaraugus county. The shock was sufficient to shake the buildings, and in one instance a chimney top was thrown off.

Struck by Lightning. On the 17th ult., as three children of Mr. Alfred Marsh, of Notusago, Miss., were passing through a field during a thunder storm, they were all killed by a stroke of lightning. The necks of all three were broken.

Accident in a Flour Mill. Four floors in one of the Haxall Mills at Richmond, fell in on Tuesday the 17th inst., carrying down 20,000 bushels of wheat. Loss estimated at from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

Escape of Slaves. The Louisville (Ky.) Courier says that at least one slave per day effects his escape on the cars of the New Albany and Salem (Ind.) Railroad.

Ship Canal. There was a Convention at Toronto on Wednesday last to promote the project of the Ontario and Huron Ship Canal. A resolution was passed to proceed at once to make a survey of the route from Georgian Bay to Lake Ontario.

Railroad Train seized. The express train on the Great Western Railroad, Canada, was seized at the Suspension Bridge on Wednesday last for damages sustained by a Mrs. Gilson, her husband and two children, last fall. The damages are laid at \$15,000.

Sale of a Steamer. The steamer Gen. Knox, lying at Thomaston, has been sold at auction for \$16,300. Capt. James A. Creighton, of Thomaston, was the purchaser.

A Nation of Methodists. The religious mission to the Friendly Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, has been so successful that the entire people have become a nation of Methodists, and the whole population, from the king (who is a "local preacher"), down to his meanest subject, attend the Wesleyan ministry. These Islands sometimes go by the name of Tonga. They consist of a hundred and fifty, and lie between 12 deg. and 25 deg. South Latitude, and 172 and 177 deg. West Longitude. They were discovered by the navigator Tasman, in 1643, but received their collective names of Friendly Islands from Captain James Cook.

Man Killed. When the last Sunday night mail train from Boston arrived at New Haven, portions of the clothing of a man were found attached to the cow catcher. It was not known that any thing unusual had occurred, but an examination of the track showed that a man had been run over near North Haven. His name was Burns, and his body was horribly mutilated.

The Ship Great Republic. We find the following account of the movements of this famous vessel. It will be remembered that she is chartered by the Allies. A letter from France says she has just returned with four hundred sick and wounded soldiers from the Crimea, and is loading 200 tons of bombshells—the average weight of each probably one hundred pounds, which would make the number of fifty thousand shells in this one vessel. She will also take four hundred horses.

What it Costs. The French, it is said, have not more than 55,000 bayonets, and the British 17,000, en ligne before Sebastopol. This however, does not include the garbions at Kamiesch and Constantinople, or the army of reserve, nor the sick, wounded, and convalescent in those quarters. The nocturnal fights, the shells thrown into the camp by the Russians, exposure, hard duty, and casualties of every kind, occasion a dreadful waste of life, costing, in killed, wounded and sick, an average of 600 men daily.

Grasshopper Traps. In our ride in the grasshopper country, says the California Farmer, we saw thousands of deep holes, which had been dug in the earth by the Indians, to entrap their luxurious (?) food. These holes contain about a bushel and a half, and we believe we saw holes enough in Yuba, Butte and Sutter counties to have collected fifty thousand bushels of grasshoppers. The Indians will grow fat this winter.

Wheat in Tennessee. Over 100,000 bushels of wheat passed the Chattanooga depot, from Tennessee, during the month of August, and the Nashville Banner says that the depot in that vicinity are "still creaking under the weight of grain deposited in them." A year or two ago, before the railroad was built, wheat was imported largely every year from Cincinnati.

Saved by a Cat. A small child while playing near a well in East Albany, on Saturday afternoon slipped and was just on the eve of being precipitated into it, when the little one grasped a cat by the tail and held on to it, until the edge of the child brought assistance, when it was rescued. The cat was sitting on a log, and so deathlike was its grasp that the prints of its nails were detected on the log.

The Drought in Rhode Island. The drought in Rhode Island is more severe than that of last year, although not so disastrous to vegetation, because so much later in the season. Out of 100,000 spinules on the Pawtuxet river, 100,000 are supposed to have perished from want of water.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South. According to the Minutes recently published, the M. E. Church, South, numbers 2,092 travelling preachers, and a membership of 306,852. During the past year, there was an increase of 139 travelling preachers, and 25,000 members.

Sudden Death. Mr. Samuel Willard, of South Sanford, Me., son of Stephen Willard, Esq., while absent from home on Friday, the 14th inst., on business at Alfred, Me., died very suddenly, probably of heart complaint. At the time of his death he was in conversation with a friend of his, and while thus engaged, dropped dead and died instantly. Mr. Willard was a promising young man about twenty-three years of age, apparently in perfect health. He was long engaged to be married in a short time.

INDIAN AFFAIRS. St. Louis, Sept. 22.—A great battle took place at Sand Hills, near the north fork of the Platte river, between the Sioux Indians and the entire force of troops under Gen. Harney. Major Cady commanding the infantry and Col. Cook the dragoons, mounted infantry and artillery. The battle lasted several hours. The Indians fought desperately but were routed, when a running fight for ten miles followed. The Indians made another stand but were finally completely routed, having 80 men killed and 50 women and children taken prisoners. The Indian women fought furiously.

Harney's loss, 6 killed and 6 wounded. No officers were killed.

YELLOW FEVER AT THE SOUTH. New Orleans, Sept. 22.—The yellow fever is making its progress in the city to be deadly on the decrease. It continued to increase from the week ending June 30th, when there were 17 deaths, to the week ending August 20th, when there were 24 deaths. The epidemic has been gradually diminishing, until 255 is given as the number of deaths during the week ending the 9th inst. In all, 2,205 deaths have occurred in the city of yellow fever between the 23d of June and the 9th of September.

Cases of yellow fever are said to be at present, of frequent occurrence throughout the State of Louisiana, and are occasional in different parts of Mississippi. On the 21st inst., there were sixteen cases clearly defined cases at Baton Rouge, La., and there were thirteen deaths at Baton Rouge during the week ending the 8th inst. At most other places the disease was thought to be abating.

YELLOW FEVER AT THE SOUTH. New Orleans, Sept. 22.—The yellow fever is making its progress in the city to be deadly on the decrease. It continued to increase from the week ending June 30th, when there were 17 deaths, to the week ending August 20th, when there were 24 deaths. The epidemic has been gradually diminishing, until 255 is given as the number of deaths during the week ending the 9th inst. In all, 2,205 deaths have occurred in the city of yellow fever between the 23d of June and the 9th of September.

Cases of yellow fever are said to be at present, of frequent occurrence throughout the State of Louisiana, and are occasional in different parts of Mississippi. On the 21st inst., there were sixteen cases clearly defined cases at Baton Rouge, La., and there were thirteen deaths at Baton Rouge during the week ending the 8th inst. At most other places the disease was thought to be abating.

YELLOW FEVER AT THE SOUTH. New Orleans, Sept. 22.—The yellow fever is making its progress in the city to be deadly on the decrease. It continued to increase from the week ending June 30th, when there were 17 deaths, to the week ending August 20th, when there were 24 deaths. The epidemic has been gradually diminishing, until 255 is given as the number of deaths during the week ending the 9th inst. In all, 2,205 deaths have occurred in the city of yellow fever between the 23d of June and the 9th of September.

Cases of yellow fever are said to be at present, of frequent occurrence throughout the State of Louisiana, and are occasional in different parts of Mississippi. On the 21st inst., there were sixteen cases clearly defined cases at Baton Rouge, La., and there were thirteen deaths at Baton Rouge during the week ending the 8th inst. At most other places the disease was thought to be abating.

YELLOW FEVER AT THE SOUTH. New Orleans, Sept. 22.—The yellow fever is making its progress in the city to be deadly on the decrease. It continued to increase from the week ending June 30th, when there were 17 deaths, to the week ending August 20th, when there were 24 deaths. The epidemic has been gradually diminishing, until 255 is given as the number of deaths during the week ending the 9th inst. In all, 2,205 deaths have occurred in the city of yellow fever between the 23d of June and the 9th of September.

Cases of yellow fever are said to be at present, of frequent occurrence throughout the State of Louisiana, and are occasional in different parts of Mississippi. On the 21st inst., there were sixteen cases clearly defined cases at Baton Rouge, La., and there were thirteen deaths at Baton Rouge during the week ending the 8th inst. At most other places the disease was thought to be abating.

YELLOW FEVER AT THE SOUTH. New Orleans, Sept. 22.—The yellow fever is making its progress in the city to be deadly on the decrease. It continued to increase from the week ending June 30th, when there were 17 deaths, to the week ending August 20th, when there were 24 deaths. The epidemic has been gradually diminishing, until 255 is given as the number of deaths during the week ending the 9th inst. In all, 2,205 deaths have occurred in the city of yellow fever between the 23d of June and the 9th of September.

Cases of yellow fever are said to be at present, of frequent occurrence throughout the State of Louisiana, and are occasional in different parts of Mississippi. On the 21st inst., there were sixteen cases clearly defined cases at Baton Rouge, La., and there were thirteen deaths at Baton Rouge during the week ending the 8th inst. At most other places the disease was thought to be abating.

VIOLATION OF THE QUARANTINE.

THE CRESCENT CITY RUN AWAY. The Steamship Crescent City, which was taken to the quarantine yesterday morning by the city authorities, in consequence of having had yellow fever on board, ran from Staten Island during the afternoon, with passengers and freight for New Orleans and Havana.

One of the Health Officers, it appears, went on board of the Crescent City at quarantine, about two o'clock, and told the pilot, the captain being absent, that he must not allow any person to pass to or from the vessel. He then left and went ashore. About an hour afterwards, two steam-tugs, one loaded with passengers and the other with freight, came from the city and hauled along the steamer, into which they discharged their cargoes. Suspecting that the steamer intended to sail in defiance of the quarantine laws, the Health Officer repaired to her in his boat, with two of his assistants, and got upon the roof of the vessel. Captain McGowan, and informed the passengers of the proceedings of the Health Officers in regard to the infected vessel. But as the commissioner and his officers were not in sufficient strength to offer any physical resistance to the captain and his men, they left to procure assistance. Before they got off the steamer, however, the passengers expressed their disapprobation and indignation at the conduct of the Health Officer in sending them on board of a yellow fever vessel.

The Health Officer was fearful that he would not have time to go ashore for help, and so stowed his baggage for the United States sloops-of-war, which were in the harbor, and proceeded to the city and landed his baggage. The Health Officer then came to the conclusion that it was useless to pursue the runaway.

Captain McGowan and the pilot of the Crescent City, it is said, will be placed under arrest for their conduct. The City Commissioners are in session to-day at the City Hall in regard to this matter.

It was now four o'clock, and as the steam-tugs cleared the way the steamer dashed off under a full head of steam and proceeded to the city and landed his baggage. The Health Officer then came to the conclusion that it was useless to pursue the runaway.

Captain McGowan and the pilot of the Crescent City, it is said, will be placed under arrest for their conduct. The City Commissioners are in session to-day at the City Hall in regard to this matter.

It was now four o'clock, and as the steam-tugs cleared the way the steamer dashed off under a full head of steam and proceeded to the city and landed his baggage. The Health Officer then came to the conclusion that it was useless to pursue the runaway.

Captain McGowan and the pilot of the Crescent City, it is said, will be placed under arrest for their conduct. The City Commissioners are in session to-day at the City Hall in regard to this matter.

It was now four o'clock, and as the steam-tugs cleared the way the steamer dashed off under a full head of steam and proceeded to the city and landed his baggage. The Health Officer then came to the conclusion that it was useless to pursue the runaway.

Captain McGowan and the pilot of the Crescent City, it is said, will be placed under arrest for their conduct. The City Commissioners are in session to-day at the City Hall in regard to this matter.

It was now four o'clock, and as the steam-tugs cleared the way the steamer dashed off under a full head of steam and proceeded to the city and landed his baggage. The Health Officer then came to the conclusion that it was useless to pursue the runaway.

Captain McGowan and the pilot of the Crescent City, it is said, will be placed under arrest for their conduct. The City Commissioners are in session to-day at the City Hall in regard to this matter.

It was now four o'clock, and as the steam-tugs cleared the way the steamer dashed off under a full head of steam and proceeded to the city and landed his baggage. The Health Officer then came to the conclusion that it was useless to pursue the runaway.

Captain McGowan and the pilot of the Crescent City, it is said, will be placed under arrest for their conduct. The City Commissioners are in session to-day at the City Hall in regard to this matter.

It was now four o'clock, and as the steam-tugs cleared the way the steamer dashed off under a full head of steam and proceeded to the city and landed his baggage. The Health Officer then came to the conclusion that it was useless to pursue the runaway.

RD NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE



The Muse.

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.
By HENRY S. CORNWALL.

I heard the steps of midnight, and slow;
I heard the rustling of her dusky robe,
Like some lone queen, exiled and full of woe,
And weeping round the globe.

I heard the murmurs of the falling stream
Far off and low, that droned a dreary tune;
I wandered down the purple vale of Dreams,
Beneath the summer moon.

And trembling to my open casement, came
Swoops of strange mist, blown from off the sea.
Baiting roils seemed to call my name,
And winds to talk to me.

O mortal toil, come! they seem to say—
Lament no longer for thy sad estate,
Arise, and try thy sail, and come away,
And triumph over Fate.

Gay dwellers in the happy Isles are we,
Who know not any care, by night or day,
Our home lies far upon the far-off seas;
So, mad men, come away!

To tell all day beneath the orange trees,
Beside the noise of crystal sparkling springs,
In playful climes, with no remembrance
Of melancholy things.

Or else along white fields of murmuring foam,
To chase the creamy ripples as they run—
Away! away! a thousand miles from home,
And back before the sun.

Sinks to his evening bath in western floods;
Or else in great sea shells to sleep—
Rocked by sweet winds that blow from Indian woods,
Along the placid deep.

These songs, and more, they sang, that fainter grew
And died upon the dark, and wholly ceased,
As morning, with her sandals wet with dew,
Came flushed along the east.

I rose: the cool wind swayed my lattice-pane,
And sunbeams shone along the lily lawn;
I heard the bleat of flocks, the low of kine,
And songs of soaring larks.

And distant shepherds piping rustic airs,
While I, alone, was downcast and oppressed—
Heart-heavy with a weight of fancied cares,
And worried with unrest.

But in my heart I heard another voice,
Low-toned and full of peace, that seemed to say,
Behold! the creature of the field rejoices—
And rest to him is best.

The Story-Teller.

ROSA BLAKE
AND HER LOVERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, suddenly, as she saw Farmer Thompson's heavy wagon go past, "that just puts me in mind that I promised Mrs. Thompson a setting of our Muscovy duck's eggs. I was to have sent them over yesterday, but I forgot all about it."

"Let me take them, mother," said Rosa, quickly, "I can easily get back before dark."

Mrs. Blake gave a willing consent, arranged the eggs under several layers of tow, and handed the basket to Rosa.

"If you will wait a minute, Rosa, I will go over with you. I want to see Mr. Thompson on school business," said Mark, as he helped himself to another spoonful of berries.

With a pleased blush, to think that Anderson did not believe her so very bad after all, Rosa said that she would walk slowly on, and he might join her if he chose, her pride forbidding her doing such an undignified thing as waiting for him.

Mrs. Blake was in dismay, for it seemed to her that she had thrust Rosa into the lion's mouth, when one reason that she had approved of her daughter's going was, that for one evening at least, the conversation on the piazza would be stopped. She looked over the clear sunset sky in vain for some clouds, as a pretext for calling Rosa back; but none could be found; and before any other reason presented itself the girl was out of the gate, and Anderson reaching down his hat to join her.

The full June moon was looking down through the intertwining boughs and quivering leaves of the trees, and on the greenward beneath them, as Mark and Rosa proceeded slowly homeward. With eyes dewy with tears, the young girl was gazing over the sleeping landscape bathed in a soft light; feeling that irresistible longing which so often creeps over one at the sound of some music, as if it was the heart's cry for the unattainable; a vain, wild wish that the holy quiet of the night might intrude into her soul and purify her. A low sigh aroused her companion from his reverie, as he walked by her side, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed down, unheeding of the beautiful, and smile on the face of the earth, which he so adored.

"We are almost home, and I have so much to say to you; wait, you turn back and walk with me a little while, Rosa," said Anderson, and he took the girl's hand and placed it on his arm.

"I have been waiting, dear Rosa, to tell you how much I love you," said he, as he imprisoned the hand which clung to his arm in his own, "but I was such a wretched waiting for you, if you consented to be my wife, that I have sometimes felt as if it would be cruel to ask your love."

Rosa cast a frightened glance at her companion, and drawing her hand suddenly from his arm, she said, as if scarcely believing what she heard,

"Do you really mean me? Oh! I can't believe it, Mr. Anderson, I'm so unworthy of you," and she stopped for a moment, and gazed with a kind of bewildered expression into the schoolmaster's face.

A grave smile stole around Mark's lips as he replaced the hand on his arm, and answered, "Indeed I do mean you, little Rosa. I fear I love you more deeply for your faults, though I know you try to correct them because they are wrong. But do you know, darling, that it may be years before I can have a home for you, and call you my wife? It is cruel to ask such a sacrifice of you, dear Rosa. I see now how wrong it was."

The holy beauty of the night seemed to have melted into her face; and the girl's heart, lately so wary and unquiet, seemed suddenly to have grown calm and strong with her woman's destiny, as she answered frankly,

"I love you, Mark; I will wait."

There was an eager pressure of her hand, a kiss almost of reverence on her brow, then a long, happy silence.

"It will be a great deal of your parents, Rosa, to give you to so poor a man as I am. It does seem presumptuous," at last said Anderson.

"But they love me so much," said the girl, "I am sure mother will consent, if she sees it is for my happiness. As to dear father, I do not believe he will object at all, he does not care for money."

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.
By HENRY S. CORNWALL.

I heard the steps of midnight, and slow;
I heard the rustling of her dusky robe,
Like some lone queen, exiled and full of woe,
And weeping round the globe.

I heard the murmurs of the falling stream
Far off and low, that droned a dreary tune;
I wandered down the purple vale of Dreams,
Beneath the summer moon.

And trembling to my open casement, came
Swoops of strange mist, blown from off the sea.
Baiting roils seemed to call my name,
And winds to talk to me.

O mortal toil, come! they seem to say—
Lament no longer for thy sad estate,
Arise, and try thy sail, and come away,
And triumph over Fate.

Gay dwellers in the happy Isles are we,
Who know not any care, by night or day,
Our home lies far upon the far-off seas;
So, mad men, come away!

To tell all day beneath the orange trees,
Beside the noise of crystal sparkling springs,
In playful climes, with no remembrance
Of melancholy things.

Or else along white fields of murmuring foam,
To chase the creamy ripples as they run—
Away! away! a thousand miles from home,
And back before the sun.

Sinks to his evening bath in western floods;
Or else in great sea shells to sleep—
Rocked by sweet winds that blow from Indian woods,
Along the placid deep.

These songs, and more, they sang, that fainter grew
And died upon the dark, and wholly ceased,
As morning, with her sandals wet with dew,
Came flushed along the east.

I rose: the cool wind swayed my lattice-pane,
And sunbeams shone along the lily lawn;
I heard the bleat of flocks, the low of kine,
And songs of soaring larks.

And distant shepherds piping rustic airs,
While I, alone, was downcast and oppressed—
Heart-heavy with a weight of fancied cares,
And worried with unrest.

But in my heart I heard another voice,
Low-toned and full of peace, that seemed to say,
Behold! the creature of the field rejoices—
And rest to him is best.

The Story-Teller.

ROSA BLAKE
AND HER LOVERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, suddenly, as she saw Farmer Thompson's heavy wagon go past, "that just puts me in mind that I promised Mrs. Thompson a setting of our Muscovy duck's eggs. I was to have sent them over yesterday, but I forgot all about it."

"Let me take them, mother," said Rosa, quickly, "I can easily get back before dark."

Mrs. Blake gave a willing consent, arranged the eggs under several layers of tow, and handed the basket to Rosa.

"If you will wait a minute, Rosa, I will go over with you. I want to see Mr. Thompson on school business," said Mark, as he helped himself to another spoonful of berries.

With a pleased blush, to think that Anderson did not believe her so very bad after all, Rosa said that she would walk slowly on, and he might join her if he chose, her pride forbidding her doing such an undignified thing as waiting for him.

Mrs. Blake was in dismay, for it seemed to her that she had thrust Rosa into the lion's mouth, when one reason that she had approved of her daughter's going was, that for one evening at least, the conversation on the piazza would be stopped. She looked over the clear sunset sky in vain for some clouds, as a pretext for calling Rosa back; but none could be found; and before any other reason presented itself the girl was out of the gate, and Anderson reaching down his hat to join her.

The full June moon was looking down through the intertwining boughs and quivering leaves of the trees, and on the greenward beneath them, as Mark and Rosa proceeded slowly homeward. With eyes dewy with tears, the young girl was gazing over the sleeping landscape bathed in a soft light; feeling that irresistible longing which so often creeps over one at the sound of some music, as if it was the heart's cry for the unattainable; a vain, wild wish that the holy quiet of the night might intrude into her soul and purify her. A low sigh aroused her companion from his reverie, as he walked by her side, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed down, unheeding of the beautiful, and smile on the face of the earth, which he so adored.

"We are almost home, and I have so much to say to you; wait, you turn back and walk with me a little while, Rosa," said Anderson, and he took the girl's hand and placed it on his arm.

"I have been waiting, dear Rosa, to tell you how much I love you," said he, as he imprisoned the hand which clung to his arm in his own, "but I was such a wretched waiting for you, if you consented to be my wife, that I have sometimes felt as if it would be cruel to ask your love."

Rosa cast a frightened glance at her companion, and drawing her hand suddenly from his arm, she said, as if scarcely believing what she heard,

"Do you really mean me? Oh! I can't believe it, Mr. Anderson, I'm so unworthy of you," and she stopped for a moment, and gazed with a kind of bewildered expression into the schoolmaster's face.

A grave smile stole around Mark's lips as he replaced the hand on his arm, and answered, "Indeed I do mean you, little Rosa. I fear I love you more deeply for your faults, though I know you try to correct them because they are wrong. But do you know, darling, that it may be years before I can have a home for you, and call you my wife? It is cruel to ask such a sacrifice of you, dear Rosa. I see now how wrong it was."

The holy beauty of the night seemed to have melted into her face; and the girl's heart, lately so wary and unquiet, seemed suddenly to have grown calm and strong with her woman's destiny, as she answered frankly,

"I love you, Mark; I will wait."

There was an eager pressure of her hand, a kiss almost of reverence on her brow, then a long, happy silence.

"It will be a great deal of your parents, Rosa, to give you to so poor a man as I am. It does seem presumptuous," at last said Anderson.

"But they love me so much," said the girl, "I am sure mother will consent, if she sees it is for my happiness. As to dear father, I do not believe he will object at all, he does not care for money."

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.
By HENRY S. CORNWALL.

I heard the steps of midnight, and slow;
I heard the rustling of her dusky robe,
Like some lone queen, exiled and full of woe,
And weeping round the globe.

I heard the murmurs of the falling stream
Far off and low, that droned a dreary tune;
I wandered down the purple vale of Dreams,
Beneath the summer moon.

And trembling to my open casement, came
Swoops of strange mist, blown from off the sea.
Baiting roils seemed to call my name,
And winds to talk to me.

O mortal toil, come! they seem to say—
Lament no longer for thy sad estate,
Arise, and try thy sail, and come away,
And triumph over Fate.

Gay dwellers in the happy Isles are we,
Who know not any care, by night or day,
Our home lies far upon the far-off seas;
So, mad men, come away!

To tell all day beneath the orange trees,
Beside the noise of crystal sparkling springs,
In playful climes, with no remembrance
Of melancholy things.

Or else along white fields of murmuring foam,
To chase the creamy ripples as they run—
Away! away! a thousand miles from home,
And back before the sun.

Sinks to his evening bath in western floods;
Or else in great sea shells to sleep—
Rocked by sweet winds that blow from Indian woods,
Along the placid deep.

These songs, and more, they sang, that fainter grew
And died upon the dark, and wholly ceased,
As morning, with her sandals wet with dew,
Came flushed along the east.

I rose: the cool wind swayed my lattice-pane,
And sunbeams shone along the lily lawn;
I heard the bleat of flocks, the low of kine,
And songs of soaring larks.

And distant shepherds piping rustic airs,
While I, alone, was downcast and oppressed—
Heart-heavy with a weight of fancied cares,
And worried with unrest.

But in my heart I heard another voice,
Low-toned and full of peace, that seemed to say,
Behold! the creature of the field rejoices—
And rest to him is best.

The Story-Teller.

ROSA BLAKE
AND HER LOVERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, suddenly, as she saw Farmer Thompson's heavy wagon go past, "that just puts me in mind that I promised Mrs. Thompson a setting of our Muscovy duck's eggs. I was to have sent them over yesterday, but I forgot all about it."

"Let me take them, mother," said Rosa, quickly, "I can easily get back before dark."

Mrs. Blake gave a willing consent, arranged the eggs under several layers of tow, and handed the basket to Rosa.

"If you will wait a minute, Rosa, I will go over with you. I want to see Mr. Thompson on school business," said Mark, as he helped himself to another spoonful of berries.

With a pleased blush, to think that Anderson did not believe her so very bad after all, Rosa said that she would walk slowly on, and he might join her if he chose, her pride forbidding her doing such an undignified thing as waiting for him.

Mrs. Blake was in dismay, for it seemed to her that she had thrust Rosa into the lion's mouth, when one reason that she had approved of her daughter's going was, that for one evening at least, the conversation on the piazza would be stopped. She looked over the clear sunset sky in vain for some clouds, as a pretext for calling Rosa back; but none could be found; and before any other reason presented itself the girl was out of the gate, and Anderson reaching down his hat to join her.

The full June moon was looking down through the intertwining boughs and quivering leaves of the trees, and on the greenward beneath them, as Mark and Rosa proceeded slowly homeward. With eyes dewy with tears, the young girl was gazing over the sleeping landscape bathed in a soft light; feeling that irresistible longing which so often creeps over one at the sound of some music, as if it was the heart's cry for the unattainable; a vain, wild wish that the holy quiet of the night might intrude into her soul and purify her. A low sigh aroused her companion from his reverie, as he walked by her side, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed down, unheeding of the beautiful, and smile on the face of the earth, which he so adored.

"We are almost home, and I have so much to say to you; wait, you turn back and walk with me a little while, Rosa," said Anderson, and he took the girl's hand and placed it on his arm.

"I have been waiting, dear Rosa, to tell you how much I love you," said he, as he imprisoned the hand which clung to his arm in his own, "but I was such a wretched waiting for you, if you consented to be my wife, that I have sometimes felt as if it would be cruel to ask your love."

Rosa cast a frightened glance at her companion, and drawing her hand suddenly from his arm, she said, as if scarcely believing what she heard,

"Do you really mean me? Oh! I can't believe it, Mr. Anderson, I'm so unworthy of you," and she stopped for a moment, and gazed with a kind of bewildered expression into the schoolmaster's face.

A grave smile stole around Mark's lips as he replaced the hand on his arm, and answered, "Indeed I do mean you, little Rosa. I fear I love you more deeply for your faults, though I know you try to correct them because they are wrong. But do you know, darling, that it may be years before I can have a home for you, and call you my wife? It is cruel to ask such a sacrifice of you, dear Rosa. I see now how wrong it was."

The holy beauty of the night seemed to have melted into her face; and the girl's heart, lately so wary and unquiet, seemed suddenly to have grown calm and strong with her woman's destiny, as she answered frankly,

"I love you, Mark; I will wait."

There was an eager pressure of her hand, a kiss almost of reverence on her brow, then a long, happy silence.

"It will be a great deal of your parents, Rosa, to give you to so poor a man as I am. It does seem presumptuous," at last said Anderson.

"But they love me so much," said the girl, "I am sure mother will consent, if she sees it is for my happiness. As to dear father, I do not believe he will object at all, he does not care for money."

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.
By HENRY S. CORNWALL.

I heard the steps of midnight, and slow;
I heard the rustling of her dusky robe,
Like some lone queen, exiled and full of woe,
And weeping round the globe.

I heard the murmurs of the falling stream
Far off and low, that droned a dreary tune;
I wandered down the purple vale of Dreams,
Beneath the summer moon.

And trembling to my open casement, came
Swoops of strange mist, blown from off the sea.
Baiting roils seemed to call my name,
And winds to talk to me.

O mortal toil, come! they seem to say—
Lament no longer for thy sad estate,
Arise, and try thy sail, and come away,
And triumph over Fate.

Gay dwellers in the happy Isles are we,
Who know not any care, by night or day,
Our home lies far upon the far-off seas;
So, mad men, come away!

To tell all day beneath the orange trees,
Beside the noise of crystal sparkling springs,
In playful climes, with no remembrance
Of melancholy things.

Or else along white fields of murmuring foam,
To chase the creamy ripples as they run—
Away! away! a thousand miles from home,
And back before the sun.

Sinks to his evening bath in western floods;
Or else in great sea shells to sleep—
Rocked by sweet winds that blow from Indian woods,
Along the placid deep.

These songs, and more, they sang, that fainter grew
And died upon the dark, and wholly ceased,
As morning, with her sandals wet with dew,
Came flushed along the east.

I rose: the cool wind swayed my lattice-pane,
And sunbeams shone along the lily lawn;
I heard the bleat of flocks, the low of kine,
And songs of soaring larks.

And distant shepherds piping rustic airs,
While I, alone, was downcast and oppressed—
Heart-heavy with a weight of fancied cares,
And worried with unrest.

But in my heart I heard another voice,
Low-toned and full of peace, that seemed to say,
Behold! the creature of the field rejoices—
And rest to him is best.

The Story-Teller.

ROSA BLAKE
AND HER LOVERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, suddenly, as she saw Farmer Thompson's heavy wagon go past, "that just puts me in mind that I promised Mrs. Thompson a setting of our Muscovy duck's eggs. I was to have sent them over yesterday, but I forgot all about it."

"Let me take them, mother," said Rosa, quickly, "I can easily get back before dark."

Mrs. Blake gave a willing consent, arranged the eggs under several layers of tow, and handed the basket to Rosa.

"If you will wait a minute, Rosa, I will go over with you. I want to see Mr. Thompson on school business," said Mark, as he helped himself to another spoonful of berries.

With a pleased blush, to think that Anderson did not believe her so very bad after all, Rosa said that she would walk slowly on, and he might join her if he chose, her pride forbidding her doing such an undignified thing as waiting for him.

Mrs. Blake was in dismay, for it seemed to her that she had thrust Rosa into the lion's mouth, when one reason that she had approved of her daughter's going was, that for one evening at least, the conversation on the piazza would be stopped. She looked over the clear sunset sky in vain for some clouds, as a pretext for calling Rosa back; but none could be found; and before any other reason presented itself the girl was out of the gate, and Anderson reaching down his hat to join her.

The full June moon was looking down through the intertwining boughs and quivering leaves of the trees, and on the greenward beneath them, as Mark and Rosa proceeded slowly homeward. With eyes dewy with tears, the young girl was gazing over the sleeping landscape bathed in a soft light; feeling that irresistible longing which so often creeps over one at the sound of some music, as if it was the heart's cry for the unattainable; a vain, wild wish that the holy quiet of the night might intrude into her soul and purify her. A low sigh aroused her companion from his reverie, as he walked by her side, with his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed down, unheeding of the beautiful, and smile on the face of the earth, which he so adored.

"We are almost home, and I have so much to say to you; wait, you turn back and walk with me a little while, Rosa," said Anderson, and he took the girl's hand and placed it on his arm.

"I have been waiting, dear Rosa, to tell you how much I love you," said he, as he imprisoned the hand which clung to his arm in his own, "but I was such a wretched waiting for you, if you consented to be my wife, that I have sometimes felt as if it would be cruel to ask your love."

Rosa cast a frightened glance at her companion, and drawing her hand suddenly from his arm, she said, as if scarcely believing what she heard,

"Do you really mean me? Oh! I can't believe it, Mr. Anderson, I'm so unworthy of you," and she stopped for a moment, and gazed with a kind of bewildered expression into the schoolmaster's face.

A grave smile stole around Mark's lips as he replaced the hand on his arm, and answered, "Indeed I do mean you, little Rosa. I fear I love you more deeply for your faults, though I know you try to correct them because they are wrong. But do you know, darling, that it may be years before I can have a home for you, and call you my wife? It is cruel to ask such a sacrifice of you, dear Rosa. I see now how wrong it was."

The holy beauty of the night seemed to have melted into her face; and the girl's heart, lately so wary and unquiet, seemed suddenly to have grown calm and strong with her woman's destiny, as she answered frankly,

"I love you, Mark; I will wait."

There was an eager pressure of her hand, a kiss almost of reverence on her brow, then a long, happy silence.

"It will be a great deal of your parents, Rosa, to give you to so poor a man as I am. It does seem presumptuous," at last said Anderson.

"But they love me so much," said the girl, "I am sure mother will consent, if she sees it is for my happiness. As to dear father, I do not believe he will object at all, he does not care for money."

Sabbath Reading.

EARTH'S JOYS AND PLEASURES.
By REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D.

I dreamed a long ago
I stood on a rocky steep—
On a cliff by the ocean's strand;
And I looked far over the land,
And down on the glorious deep.

Beneath me in a gulf lay
A stately bark lay moored,
The surge its dark side laving,
Gaily its flag was waving,
And a pilot stood on board.

And behold, there came from the mountains
A merry, merry band,
Bedecked with garlands bright,
They seemed like spirits of light,
As they tripped along the strand.

"Say, pilot, will you take us?"
"What would you be ye say?"
"Earth's joys and pleasures are we,
On earth we vainly would see,
O! bear us from earth away!"

Then the pilot he had them enter;
And they entered one by one.
"But tell me, are here all?"
"None left in lower or hall!"
And they answered, "There are none."

Away then! the bark heaped forth,
Unmoored from the anchor's thrall,
And away she sped with a glorious motion,
And I saw them vanish over the ocean,
—Earth's Joys and Pleasures all.

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.
Mrs. Sigourney, in her book, "Past Meridian," just published, gives the following charming picture of contented and virtuous old age:

"I once knew an aged couple, who for more than sixty years had dwelt in one home, and with one heart. Wealth was not theirs, nor the appliances of luxury, yet the plain house in which they had so long lived was their own. Humble in every appointment, that might be free from debt, they were respected by people in the highest positions, for it was felt that they set a right example in all things. Every little gift or token of remembrance from friends—and what who knew them were friends—was treasured with the most sacred care. Though their portion of this world's goods was small, benevolence, being inherent in their nature, found frequent expression. Always they had by them some book of slight expense, but of intrinsic value, to be given as a guide to the young, the ignorant, or the tempted. Cordials also, and simple medicines for debility, or insipient disease, they distributed to the poor—for they were skillful in extracting the spirit of health from herbs, and a part of the garden, cultivated by their own hands, was a dispensary. Kind, loving words had they for all—the fullness of their heart's content bringing over in bright drops to refresh those around."

"That venerable old man, and vigorous, his temples slightly silvered, when more than four score years had visited them, how freely flowed forth the melody of his leading voice, amid the sacred strains of public worship! His favorite tunes of Mass and Old Hundred, wedded to their simple, sublime words, and his fervent prayer, which he uttered with a full heart, and a full voice, were a source of comfort and refreshment to many a soul. His voice, when he sang, was like the voice of an angel, and his face, when he prayed, was like the face of a saint."

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," seem even now to fall sweetly, as they did upon my childish ear. These and similar ancient harmonies, mingled with the devout prayers that morning and evening hallowed his home and his life, and the loved partner of his days, being often sole auditor. Thus, in one corner, rose the praise, which every day seemed to deepen. God's goodness called out on their spirits, because it had been long continued. They rejoiced that it was 'new every morning, and fresh every evening.'

"By the clear wood fire in winter, sat the aged wife, with serene brow, skillfully busy in preparation or repair of garments as perfect neatness and economy dictated, while by the evening lamp her bright knitting-needles moved with quickened zeal, and she remembered the poor child, or wasted invalid, in some cold apartment, for which they were to furnish a substantial covering."

"By the child like her own father and mother, better anybody else, we ought to find fault with her I'm sure, mother. If she wants to go with us, why let her go. There's plenty of girls that'll be glad to jump at the chance of going with Mr. Johnson even if she is so foolish as to refuse."

The tears were coming into Rosa's eyes at her father's kindness, so she did not dare to look up, but she drew near to him, and he patted her kindly on the head and said, "You think more of your old father yet, than you do of any of these young hot-pot-anything, don't you? I'm sure you do. You're a good girl, and I'm sure you'll be a good wife."

"But I don't know what I'm to do," cried Rosa, "I don't know what I'm to do, and there isn't one left."

"Ask our Susan," said Rosa, for her natural spirits had somehow revived since she found her father was inclined to protect her, and she thought she would have a chance of seeing Mark.

But Joe muttered between his teeth, "Darn Susan!" and Mrs. Blake, in a low voice, as she passed where Rosa was sitting, "Young lady, if you don't behave yourself you'll stay at home yet."

So the huckleberry party was arranged to take place on the ensuing Thursday.

Mrs. Blake who prided herself on being the best cook and most notable housekeeper in the country, was determined not to be outdone in her preparations for her picnic. With a pleased smile she drew her baking from the huge mouth of brick oven. Hard ginger-bread and soft ginger-bread; beautifully browned sponge-cake and crisp jumbles; white potatoe custards ("that one couldn't tell from real lemon," she asserted); and cocoa-nut custards with their flaky crust. Then there were famous loaves of bread, and chickens roasted to be eaten cold.